MEVM ET TV
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THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES:

OR

Other Poems written on ſeverall occaſions.

By Richard Craſhaw, *ſometimes of* Pembroke *Hall, and late Fellow of St.* Peters *Colledge in* Cambridge.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſas agas.*

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Muſicks Duell.

NOw Weſtward *Sol* had ſpent the richeſt Beams
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the ſtreams
Of *Tiber*, on the ſceane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an Oake, there ſate
A ſweet Lutes-maſter: in whoſe gentle aires
He loſt the Dayes heat, and his owne hot cares.
Cloſe in the covert of the leaves there ſtood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
The ſweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muſe, their *Syren*, harmleſſe *Syren* ſhe)
There ſtood ſhe liſtning, and did entertaine
The Muſicks ſoft report: and mold the ſame
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
The man perceiv'd his Rivall, and her Art,
Diſpos'd to give the light-foot Lady ſport
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainſt the fight to come
Informes it, in a ſweet *Præludium*
Of cloſer ſtraines, and ere the warre begin,
He lightly skirmiſhes on every ſtring
Charg'd with a flying touch: and ſtreightway ſhe
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
Into a thouſand ſweet diſtinguiſh'd Tones,
And reckons up in ſoft diviſions,
Quicke volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
By that ſhrill taſte, ſhe could do ſomething too.
His nimble hands inſtinct then taught each ſtring
A capring cheerefullneſſe; and made them ſing
To their owne dance; now negligently raſh
He throwes his Arme, and with a long drawne daſh
Ends all together; then diſtinctly tripps
From this to that; then quicke returning skipps

And ſnatches this again, and pauſes there.
Shee meaſures every meaſure, every where
Meets art with art; ſometimes as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trayles her plaine Ditty in one long-ſpun note,
Through the ſleeke paſſage of her open throat,
A cleare unwrinckled ſong; then doth ſhee point it
With tender accents, and ſeverely joynt it
By ſhort diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly ſhar'd,
With her ſweet ſelfe ſhee wrangles. Hee amazed
That from ſo ſmall a channell ſhould be rais'd
The torrent of a voyce, whoſe melody
Could melt into ſuch ſweet variety,
Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tatling ſtrings (each breathing in his part)
Moſt kindly doe fall out; the grumbling Baſe
In ſurly groans diſdaines the Trebles Grace;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
Vntill his finger (Moderatour) hides
And cloſes the ſweet quarrell, rowſing all
Hoarce, ſhrill, at once; as when the Trumpets call
Hot *Mars* to th'Harveſt of Deaths field, and woo
Mens hearts into their hands: this leſſon too
Shee gives him back; her ſupple Breſt thrills out
Sharpe Aires, and ſtaggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying ſweetneſſe, hovers o're her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The plyant Series of her ſlippery ſong;
Then ſtarts ſhee ſuddenly into a Throng
Of ſhort thicke ſobs, whoſe thundring volleyes float,
And roule themſelves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, ſtill'd out of her Breaſt,
That ever-bubling ſpring; the ſugred Neſt
Of her delicious ſoule, that there does lye
Bathing in ſtreames of liquid Melodie;
Muſicks beſt ſeed-plot, where in ripen'd Aires
A Golden-headed Harveſt fairely reares

His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that ſweet ſoyle, it ſeemes a holy quire
Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo*'s lyre,
Whoſe ſilver-rooſe rings with the ſprightly notes
Of ſweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that ſwill their throats
In creame of Morning *Helicon*, and then
Preferre ſoft-Anthems to the Eares of men,
To woo them from their Beds, ſtill murmuring
That men can ſleepe while they their Mattens ſing:
(Moſt divine ſervice) whoſe ſo early lay,
Prevents the Eye lidds of the bluſhing day!
There you might heare her kindle her ſoft voyce,
In the cloſe murmur of a ſparkling noyſe,
And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull ſong,
Still keeping in the forward ſtreame, ſo long
Till a ſweet whirle-wind (ſtriving to get out)
Heaves her ſoft Boſome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breaſt,
Till the fledg'd Notes at length forſake their Neſt,
Fluttering in wanton ſhoales, and to the Sky
Wing'd with their owne wild Eccho's pratling fly.
Shee opes the floodgate, and lets looſe a Tide
Of ſtreaming ſweetneſſe, which in ſtate doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every ſwelling ſtraine,
Riſing and falling in a pompous traine.
And while ſhe thus diſcharges a ſhrill peale
Of flaſhing Aires; ſhe qualifies their zeale
With the coole Epode of a graver Noat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her ſilver throat
Would reach the braſen voyce of war's hoarce Bird;
Her little ſoule is raviſht: and ſo pour'd
Into looſe extaſies, that ſhee is plac't
Above her ſelfe, Muſicks *Enthuſiaſt*.
Shame now and anger mixt a double ſtraine
In the Muſitians face; yet once againe
(Miſtreſſe) I come; now reach a ſtraine my Lute
Above her mocke, or be for ever mute.

Or tune a ſong of victory to me,
Or to thy ſelfe, ſing thine owne Obſequie;
So ſaid, his hands ſprightly as fire he ſlings,
And with a quavering coyneſſe taſts the ſtrings.
The ſweet-lip't ſiſters muſically frighted,
Singing their feares are fearefully delighted,
Trembling as when *Appollo's* golden haires
Are fan'd and frizled, in the wanton ayres
Of his own breath: which marryed to his lyre, (higher.
Doth tune the *Spheares*, and make Heavens ſelfe looke
From this to that, from that to this he flyes,
Feeles Muſicks pulſe in all her Arteryes,
Caught in a net which there *Apollo* ſpreads,
His fingers ſtruggle with the vocall threads,
Following thoſe little rills, he ſinkes into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his hand does goe
Thoſe parts of ſweetneſſe which with *Nectar* drop,
Softer than that which pants in *Hebe's* cup.
The humourous ſtrings expound his learned touch,
By various Gloſſes; now they ſeeme to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In ſhrill tongu'd accents: ſtriving to be ſingle.
Every ſmooth turne, every delicious ſtroake
Gives life to ſome new Grace; thus doth h'invoke
Sweetneſſe by all her Names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury ſo harmonious)
The Lutes light *Genius* now does proudly riſe,
Heav'd on the ſurges of ſwolne Rapſodyes.
Whoſe flouriſh (Meteor-like) doth curle the aire
With flaſh of high-borne fancyes: here and there
Dancing in lofty meaſures, and anon
Creeps on the ſoft touch of a tender tone:
Whoſe trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
Runs to and fro, complaining his ſweet cares
Becauſe thoſe pretious myſteryes that dwell
In muſick's raviſh't ſoule he dares not tell,
But whiſper to the world: thus doe they vary
Each ſtring his Note, as if they meant to carry

Their Maſters bleſt ſoule (ſnatcht out at his Eares
By a ſtrong Extaſy) through all the ſpheares
Of Muſicks heaven; and ſeat it there on high
In th' *Empyræum* of pure Harmony.
At length (after ſo long, ſo loud a ſtrife
Of all the ſtrings, ſtill breathing the beſt life
Of bleſt variety attending on
His fingers faireſt revolution
In many a ſweet riſe; many as ſweet a fall)
A full-mouth *Diapaſon* ſwallowes all.
This done, he liſts what ſhe would ſay to this,
And ſhe although her Breath's late exerciſe
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,
Yet ſummons all her ſweet powers for a Noate
Alas! in vaine! for while (ſweet ſoule) ſhe tryes
To meaſure all thoſe wild diverſities
Of chatt'ring ſtrings, by the ſmall ſize of one
Poore ſimple voyce, rais'd in a naturall Tone;
She failes, and failing grieves; and grieving dyes.
She dyes: and leaves her life the Victors priſe,
Falling upon his Lute; ô fit to have
(That liv'd ſo ſweetly) dead, ſo ſweet a Grave!

Ad Reginam.

ET verò jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
Dulcibus his oculis acceleraſſe diem:
Tempus erat, nè qua tibi baſia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina ne collo ſit minùs apta tuo.
Scilicet ille tuus, timor & ſpes ille ſuorum,
Quo primum es felix pignore facta pareas,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enſes;
Jam patris magis eſt, jam magis ille ſuus.
Indolis O ſtimulos! Vix dum illi tranſiit infans;
Jamque ſibi impatiens arripit ille virum.

Impubus ille ſicis adeò negat ire ſub amis :
Jam nondum puer eſt, major & eſt puero.
Si quis in ulteris pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem doctâ cuſpide luſit acus,
Hoſtis (io !) eſt ; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hoſtem ;
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
Tunc haſtâ gravis adverſùm furit ; haſta ballillum eſt :
Mox ſa'ſum vero vulnere pectus hiat.
Stat leo, ceu ſtupeat tali bene fixus ab hoſte ;
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant : neſcire fatetur
Mars ne ſub his oculis eſſet, an eſſet Amor.
Quippe illic Mars eſt, ſed qui bene poſſit amari ;
Eſt & Amor certè, ſed metuendus Amor :
Talis Amor, talis Mars eſt ibi cernere ; qualis
Seu puer hic eſſet, ſeu vir ille deus.
Hic tibi jam ſeitus ſuccedit in oſcula fratris,
Res (ecce !) in luſus non operoſa tuos.
Baſia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva ;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor,
En ! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic eſt :
Hic ad blanditias eſt tibi cera ſatis.
Salve infans, tot baſiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
O ſalve ! Nam te nato, puer aurëe, natus
Et Carolo *&* Mariæ *tertius eſt oculus.*

Out of Martiall.

FOure Teeth thou had'ſt that ranck'd in goodly ſtate
Kept thy Mouthes Gate.

The firſt blaſt of thy cough left two alone,
The ſecond, none.

This laſt cough *Ælia*, cought out all thy feare,
Th'haſt left the third cough now no buſineſſe here.

Out

Out of Virgil,
In the praiſe of the Spring.

ALL Trees, all leavy Groves confeſſe the Spring
Their gentle friend, then, then the lands begin
To ſwell with forward pride, and ſeed deſire
To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the Boſome of his Love, and powres
Himſelfe into her lap in fruitfull ſhowers.
And by a ſoft inſinuation, mixt
With earths large Maſſe, doth cheriſh and aſſiſt
Her weake conceptions; No lone ſhade, but rings
With chatting Birds delicious murmurings.
Then *Venus* mild inſtinct (at ſet times) yields
The Herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warme *Zephyres* lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant Boſomes in a fragrant Birth.
Each body's plump and jucy, all things full
Of ſupple moiſture: no coy twig but will
Truſt his beloved boſome to the Sun
(Growne luſty now;) No Vine ſo weake and young
That feares the foule-mouth'd Auſter or thoſe ſtormes
That the Southweſt-wind hurries in his Armes,
But haſts her forward Bloſſomes, and layes out
Freely layes out her leaves: Nor doe I doubt
But when the world firſt out of *Chaos* ſprang
So ſmil'd the Dayes, and ſo the tenor ran
Of their felicity. A ſpring was there,
An everlaſting ſpring, the jolly yeare
Led round in his great circle; No winds Breath
As then did ſmell of Winter, or of Death.
When Lifes ſweet Light firſt ſhone on Beaſts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, ſprang hardy men,
When Beaſts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,
Starres in their higher Chambers: never cou'd

The tender growth of things endure the ſence
Of ſuch a change, but that the Heav'ns Indulgence
Kindly ſupplyes ſick Nature, and doth mold
A ſweetly temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture ſent to a Friend.

I Paint ſo ill my peece had need to be
Painted againe by ſome good Poeſie.
I write ſo ill, my ſlender Line is ſcarce
So much as th' Picture of a well-lim'd verſe:
Yet may the love I ſend be true, though I
Send nor true Picture, nor true Poeſie.
Both which away, I ſhould not need to feare,
My Love, or *Feign'd* or *painted* ſhould appeare.

In praiſe of Leſſius *his rule of health.*

GOe now and with ſome dareing drugg,
Baite thy diſeaſe, and while they tugg,
Thou to maintaine their pretious ſtrife,
Spend the deare treaſure of thy life:
Goe take phiſicke, doat upon
Some bigg-nam'd compoſition,
The oraculous doctors myſtick bille,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at laſt ſhall gaine by theſe?
Onely a coſtlyer diſeaſe.
That which makes us have no need
Of Phiſick, thats Phiſick indeed.
Harke hither, Reader; Wilt thou ſee
Nature her owne Phyſitian bee.

Wil't ſee a man, all his owne wealth,
His own Phyſick, his own health?
A man whoſe ſober ſoule can tell,
How to weare her garments well?
Her garments that upon her ſit,
As garments ſhould doe cloſe and fit?
A well cloath'd ſoul; Thats not oppreſt,
Nor choakt with what ſhe ſhould be dreſt?
A ſoule ſheath'd in a chriſtall ſhrine,
Through which all her bright features ſhine?
As when a peece of wanton lawne,
A thinne aereall vaile is drawne
O're beauties face, ſeeming to hide
More ſweetly ſhowes the bluſhing bride.
A ſoule whoſe intelectuall beames
No miſtes doe maske, no lazy ſteames?
A happy ſoule that all the way,
To heav'n rides in a ſummers day?
Would'ſt ſee a man whoſe well warm'd blood,
Bathes him in a genuine flood,
A man whoſe tuned humours bee,
A ſet of rareſt harmony;
Would'ſt ſee blith lookes, freſh cheekes beguile
Age, wouldſt ſee *December* ſmile?
Wouldſt ſee neſts of new Roſes grow
In a bed of reverend ſnow?
Warme thoughts, free ſpirits, flattering
Winters ſelf into a ſpring?
In ſumme, wouldſt ſee a man that can
Live to be old and ſtill a man?
Whoſe lateſt and moſt leaden howers,
Fall with ſoft wings, ſtuck with ſoft flowers;
And when Lifes ſweet fable ends,
Soule and body part like friends
No Quarrells, Murmurs, no Delay,
A Kiſſe, a ſigh, and ſo away;
This Rare one Reader, would'ſt thou ſee
Harke hither; And thy ſelf be Hee.

The beginning of Helidorus.

The smiling Morne had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the Mountaines with a tender ray:
When on a hill (whose high Imperious brow
Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below
Licke his proud feet, and haste into the seas
Through the great mouth that's nam'd from *Hercules*)
A band of men, rough as the Armes they wore
Look't round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
The shore that shewed them what the sea deny'd,
Hope of a prey. There to the maine land ty'd
A ship they saw, no men she had; yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her brest
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Vp to the third Ring; o're the shore was spread
Death's purple triumph, on the blushing ground
Lifes late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
In their owne bloods deare deluge, some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled:
While their affrighted soules, now wing'd for flight
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light.
Those yet fresh streames which crawled every where
Shew'd that sterne warre had newly bath'd him there.
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too,
A miserable and a monstruous feast,
Where hungry warre had made himself a Guest:
And comming late had eat up Guests and all,
Who prov'd the feast to their owne funerall, &c.

Out

Out of the Greeke
Cupid's *Cryer.*

LOve is loſt, nor can his Mother
Her little fugitive diſcover:
She ſeekes, ſhe ſighes, but no where ſpyes him;
Love is loſt; and thus ſhee cryes him.
O yes! if any happy eye,
This roaving wanton ſhall deſcry;
Let the finder ſurely know
Mine is the wagge; Tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer; and that none
May thinke his labour vainely gone,
The glad deſcryer ſhall not miſſe,
To taſt the *Nectar* of a kiſſe
From *Venus* lipps; But as for him
That brings him to me, he ſhall ſwim
In riper joyes: more ſhall be his
(*Venus* aſſures him) than a kiſſe.
But leſt your eye diſcerning ſlide,
Theſe markes may be your judgements guide;
His skin as with a fiery bluſhing
High-colour'd is; His eyes ſtill fluſhing
With nimble flames, and though his mind
Be ne're ſo curſt, his Tongue is kind:
For never were his words in ought
Found the pure iſſue of his thought.
The working Bees ſoft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not ſo ſweet as doe the Tones
Of his tun'd accents; but if once
His anger kindle, preſently
It boyles out into cruelty,
And fraud: He makes poor mortalls hurts
The objects of his cruell ſports.

With

With dainty curles his froward face
Is crown'd about; But ô what place,
What farthest nooke of lowest Hell
Feeles not the ſtrength, the reaching ſpell
Of his ſmall hand? Yet not ſo ſmall
As 'tis powerfull therewithall.
Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
And like a ſaucy Bird he hovers
With wanton wing, now here, now there,
'Bout men and women, nor will ſpare
Till at length he perching reſt,
In the cloſet of their breſt.
His weapon is a little Bow,
Yet ſuch a one as (*Jove*) knows how)
Ne're ſuffred, yet his little Arrow,
Of Heavens high'ſt Arches to fall narrow.
The Gold that on his Quiver ſmiles,
Deceives mens feares with flattering wiles.
But ô (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter ſhafts 'tis ſauc't too well.
He is all cruell, cruell all;
His Torch Imperious though but ſmall
Makes the Sunne (of flames the ſire)
Worſe than Sun-burnt in his fire.
Whereſoe're you chance to find him
Ceaze him, bring him, (but firſt bind him)
Pitty not him, but feare thy ſelfe
Though thou ſee the crafty Elfe,
Tell down his Silver-drops unto thee,
They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee.
With baited ſmiles if he diſplay
His fawning cheeks, looke not that way.
If he offer ſugred kiſſes,
Start, and ſay, The Serpent hiſſes.
Draw him, drag him, though he pray
Woo, intreat, and crying ſay
Prethee, ſweet now let me go,
Here's my Quiver Shafts and Bow,

I'le give thee all, take all, take heed
Leſt his kindneſſe make thee bleed.
What e're it be Loue offers, ſtill preſume
That though it ſhines, 'tis fire and will conſume.

On Nanus *mounted upon an Ant.*

HIgh mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall
VVas thrown alas, and got a deadly fall;
Vnder th'unruly Beaſts proud feet he lies
All torne; with much adoe yet e're he dyes,
Hee ſtraines theſe words; Baſe Enuy, doe, laugh on:
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon.*

Vpon Venus *putting on* Mars *his Armes.*

WHat? *Mars* his ſword? faire *Cytherea* ſay,
VVhy art thou arm'd ſo deſperately to day?
Mars thou haſt beaten naked, and ô then
VVhat need'ſt thour put on arms againſt poore men?

Vpon the ſame.

PAllas ſaw *Venus* arm'd, and ſtreight ſhe cry'd,
Come if thou dar'ſt, thus, thus let us be try'd.
VVhy foole! ſaies *Venus*, thus provok'ſt thou mee,
That being nak't, thou know'ſt could conquer thee?

In Seneriſſimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem.

SErta, puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)
Texe mihi facili pollice ſerta, puer.
Quid tu neſcio quos narras mihi, ſtulte, Decembres?
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi ſerta, puer.
Nix? & hyems? non eſt noſtras quid tale per oras;
Non eſt: vel ſi ſit, non tamen eſſe poteſt.
Ver agitur: quæcunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid fera cunctæ fremant ſigura, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali ſe palmite regia vitis
Prodit, & in ſacris quæ ſedet uva jugis?
Tam lætis quæ bruma ſolet ridere racemis?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?
O Maria! O divum ſoboles, genitrixque Deorum!
Siccine noſtra tuus tempora ludus eunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida bruma
Sydera, nil madidos ſola morare notos?
Siccine ſub mediâ poterunt tua ſurgere brumâ,
Atque ſuas ſalùm lilia nôſſe nives?
Ergò vel inviſis nivibus, frendentibus Auſtris,
Noſtra novis poterunt regna tumere roſis?
O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto
Tempora ſub ſignis non ſinis ire ſuis!
O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ triſtia mundi
Murmura tam dulci ſub ditione tenes!
Perge precor noſtris vim pulchram ferre Calendis:
Perge precor menſes ſic numerare tuos.
Perge intempeſtiva atq; importuna videri;
Inq; uteri titulos ſic rapere cuncta tui.
Sit nobis, ſit ſæpe hyemes ſic cernere noſtras
Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.
Sæpe ſit has vernas hyemes Maioſq; Decembres,
Has per te roſeas ſæpe videre nives.

Altera

Altera gens varium per ſydera computet annum,
atq; ſuos ducant per vaga ſigna dies.
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin noſtrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sit tuus ille alterus noſtri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus & in titulos tranſeat omne tuos.
Nam quæ alia indueret tam dulcia nomina menſis?
Aut quâ tam poſſet candidus ire togâ?
Hanc laurum Janus ſibi vertice vellet utroq;,
Hanc ſibi vel tota Chloride Maius emet.
Tota ſuam (vere expulſo) reſpublica florum
Reginam cuperent te, ſobolémve tuam.
O bona ſors anni, cùm cuncti ex ordine menſes
Hic mihi Carolides, *hic* Marianus *erit!*

Epitaphium in Dominum Herriſium.

Iſte te paulum (viator) ubi longum ſiſti
Neceſſe erit, huc tempe properare te ſcias
quocunque properas.
Moræ prætium erit
Et Lacrimæ,
Si jacere hic ſcias
Gulielmum
Splendidæ Herriſiorum familiæ
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixiſſe intellexeris,
Et vixiſſe tantum;
Diſcas licet
In quantas ſpes poſſit
Aſſurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.

Quem

Quem { Infantem, Essexia —— / Juvenem, Cantabrigia } vidit
Senem, ab infœlix utraq;
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus,
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,
utriq;, ingens amoris certamen fuit.
Donec
Dulciss. Lites eluesit Deus,
Eumque cœlestis Collegii
Cujus semper Alumnus fuit
socium fecit;
Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes & gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præside religione
Intenacissimum sodalitium coaluere.

Quem { Oratoriæ / Poetica / utraque / Christianum } { Poetam / Oratorem / Philosophum / Omnes } Agnovere.

Qui { Fide / Spe / Charitate / Humilitate } { Mundum / Cœlum / Proximum / Seipsum } Superavit.

Cujus
Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles,
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem:
Imo vero & morte,
Ecce enim in ipso fuere

Dissimu'ari

Diſſimulari ſe paſſus eſt,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hoſpitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento,
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipſo die occubuit quo Eccleſia
Anglicana ad veſperas legit,
Raptus eſt ne malitia mutaret Intellectum ejus;
Scilicet. Id. Octobris, Anno. Sal. 1631.

In Picturam Reverendiſſimi Epiſcopi, *D. Andrews.*

Hæc charta monſtrat, Fama quem monſtrat magis,
Sed & ipſa quem dum fama non monſtrat ſatis,
Ille, ille ſolus totam impleuit Tubam,
Tot ora ſolus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modeſtam: mentis igneæ pater
Agiliq́, radio Lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
Cucurrit Animo, Quippe naturam ferox
Exhauſit ipſam, mille Fœtus artibus,
Et mille Linguis ipſe ſe in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq́, toti ſimul
Cognatus orbi: ſic ſacrum & ſolidum jubar
Saturumq́, cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens
Porrexit ignes: hac eum (Lector) vides
Hac (ecce) charta: O utinam & audires quoq́.

Vpon Biſhop Andrews *Picture before his Sermons.*

THis reverend ſhadow caſt that ſetting Sun,
Whoſe glorious courſe through our Horrizon run,
Left the dimme face of this dull Hemiſpheare,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great Teare.

Whoſe

Whoſe faire illuſtrious ſoule, led his free thought
Through Learnings Vniverſe, and (vainly) ſought
Room for her ſpatious ſelfe, untill at length
Shee found the way home, with an holy ſtrength
Snatch't her ſelf hence to Heaven; fill'd a bright place,
'Mongſt thoſe immortall fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,
There ſtill to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aſpect hath deign'd to ſhrinke
Into this leſſe appearance; If you thinke,
'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath:
Looke on the following leaves, and ſee him breath.

Vpon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAithleſſe and fond Mortality!
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithleſſe thing! that thus,
In our beſt hopes beguileſt us.
What a reckoning haſt thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For Life by volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to ſpeake him dead.
For the Laurell in his verſe,
The ſullen Cypreſſe o're his Herſe.
For a ſilver-crowned Head,
A durty pillow in Death's Bed.
For ſo deare, ſo deep a truſt,
Sad requitall, thus much duſt!
Now though the blow that ſnatch him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though ſhee be dumbe e're ſince his Death,
Not us'd to ſpeake but in his Breath,
Yet if at leaſt ſhee not denyes,
The ſad language of our eyes,
Wee are contented: for then this
Language none more fluent is.

Nothing

Nothing ſpeakes our Griefe ſo well
As to ſpeak Nothing. Come then tell
Thy mind in Teares who e're Thou be,
That ow'ſt a Name to miſery.
Eyes are vocall, Teares have Tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious ſhowers, ô let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetoricall.
Here's a Theame will drinke th'expence,
Of all thy watry Eloquence.
Weepe then, onely be expreſt
Thus much, *Hee's Dead*, and weep the reſt,

Vpon the Death of Mr. Herrys.

A Plant of noble ſtemme, forward and faire;
As ever whiſper'd to the Morning Aire,
Thriv'd in theſe happy Grounds, the Earth's juſt pride,
Whoſe riſing Glories made ſuch haſte to hide
His head in Cloudes, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught motion
To ſtart from time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and ſeize upon Maturity.
Thus grew this gratious plant, in whoſe ſweet ſhade,
The Sunne himſelfe oft wiſht to ſit, and made
The Morning Muſes perch like Birds, and ſing
Among his Branches: yea, and vow'd to bring
His owne delicious Phœnix from the bleſt
Arabia, there to build her Virgin-neſt,
To hatch her ſelfe in; 'mongſt his leaves the Day
Freſh from the Roſie Eaſt rejoyc't to play.
To them ſhee gave the firſt and faireſt Beame
That waited on her Birth: ſhe gave to them
The pureſt Pearles, that wept her evening Death.
The balmy *Zephirus* got ſo ſweet a Breath
By often kiſſing them, and now begun
Glad Time to ripen expectation.

The timorous Maiden-Bloſſomes on each Bough,
Peept forth from their firſt bluſhes: ſo that now
A Thouſand ruddy hopes ſm.l'd in each Bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that ſtood
Fixt in Delight, as if already there
Thoſe rare fruits dangled, whence the Golden Yeare
His crowne expected, when (ô Fate, ô Time
That feldome lett'ſt a bluſhing youthfull Prime
Hide his hot Beames in ſhade of ſilver Age;
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage
Of a mad ſtorme theſe bloomy joyes all tore,
Raviſht the Maiden-Bloſſoms, and downe bore
The trunke. Yet in this Ground his pretious Root
Still lives, which when weake Time ſhall be pour'd out
Into Eternity, and circular joyes
Dance in an endleſſe round, again ſhall riſe
The faire ſon of an ever-youthfull Spring,
To be a ſhade for Angels while they ſing,
Meane while who e're thou art that paſſeſt here,
O doe thou water it with one kind Teare.

In Eundem Scazon.

Hic hoſpes, oculos flecte, ſed lacrimis cæcos,
Legit optime hæc, Quem legere non ſinit fletus.
Ars nuper & natura, forma, virtuſq;
Æmulatione fervidæ, paciſcuntur
Probare in uno juvene quid queant omnes,
Facere, tantæ terra impar fuit liti
Ergo hic ab ipſo Judicem manent cœlo.

Vpon the Death of the moſt deſired Mr. Herrys.

DEath, what doſt? ô hold thy Blow,
What thou doſt, thou doſt not know.

Death

Death thou muſt not here be cruell,
This is Natures choyceſt Iewell.
This is hee in whoſe rare frame,
Nature labour'd for a Name,
And meant to leave his pretious feature,
The patterne of a perfect Creature.
Ioy of Goodneſſe, Love of Art,
Vertue weares him next her heart.
Him the Muſes love to follow,
Him they call their vice-*Apollo*.
Apollo golden though thou bee,
Th'art not fairer than is hee.
Nor more lovely lift'ſt thy head,
Bluſhing from thine Eaſterne Bed.
The Glories of thy Youth ne're knew,
Brighter hopes than he can ſhew.
Why then ſhould it e're be ſeen,
That his ſhould fade, while thine is Green?
And wilt Thou, (ô cruell boaſt!)
Put poore Nature to ſuch coſt?
O 'twill undoe our common Mother,
To be at charge of ſuch another.
What? thinke we to no other end,
Gracious Heavens do uſe to ſend
Earth her beſt perfection,
But to vaniſh and be gone?
Therefore onely give to day,
To morrow to be ſnatcht away?
I've ſeen indeed the hopefull bud,
Of a ruddy Roſe that ſtood
Bluſhing, to behold the Ray
Of the new-ſaluted Day;
(His tender toppe not fully ſpread)
The ſweet daſh of a ſhower now ſhead,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himſelfe the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo
While he ſweetly 'gan to ſhow

His

His ſwelling Gloryes, *Auſter* ſpide him,
Cruell *Auſter* thither hy'd him,
And with the ruſh of one rude blaſt,
Sham'd not ſpitefully to waſt
All his leaves, ſo freſh, ſo ſweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've ſeen the Mornings lovely Ray,
Hover o're the new-borne Day,
With roſie wings ſo richly Bright,
As if he ſcorn'd to thinke of Night;
When a ruddy ſtorme whoſe ſcoule
Made Heavens radiant face looke foule,
Call'd for an untimely Night,
To blot the newly bloſſom'd Light.
But were the Roſes bluſh ſo rare,
Were the Mornings ſmile ſo faire
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
Spare him Death, ô ſpare him then,
Spare the ſweeteſt among men.
Let not pitty with her Teares,
Keepe ſuch diſtance from thine Eares.
But ô thou wilt not, canſt not ſpare,
Haſte hath never time to heare.
Therefore if he needs muſt go,
And the Fates will have it ſo,
Softly may he be poſſeſt,
Of his monumentall reſt.
Safe, thou darke home of the dead,
Safe ô hide his loved head.
For Pitties ſake ô hide him quite,
From his Mother Natures ſight:
Leſt for Griefe his loſſe may move
All her Births abortive prove.

Another.

IF ever Pitty were acquainted
With ſterne Death, if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigour
Of an Adamantine rigour,
Here, ô here we ſhould have knowne it,
Here or no where hee'd have ſhowne it.
For hee whoſe pretious memory,
Bathes in Teares of every eye:
Hee to whom our ſorrow brings,
All the ſtreames of all her ſprings:
Was ſo rich in Grace and Nature,
In all the gifts that bleſſe a Creature;
The freſh hopes of his lovely Youth,
Flouriſht in ſo faire a growth;
So ſweet the Temple was, that ſhrin'd
The Sacred ſweetneſſe of his mind;
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant;
Or had ever learnt to beare,
The ſoft tincture of a Teare:
Teares would now have flow'd ſo deepe,
As might have taught Griefe how to weepe.
Now all their ſteely operation,
Would quite have loſt the cruell faſhion.
Sickneſſe would have gladly been,
Sick himſelfe to have ſav'd him:
And his Feaver wiſh'd to prove,
Burning onely in his Love.
Him when wrath it ſelfe had ſeen,
Wrath its ſelfe had loſt his ſpleen.
Grim Deſtruction here amaz'd,
In ſtead of ſtriking would have gaz'd.
Even the Iron-pointed pen,
That notes the Tragick Doomes of men

Yet with teares ſtill'd from the eyes,
Of the flinty Deſtinies;
Would have learn't a ſofter ſtyle,
And have been aſham'd to ſpoyle
His lives ſweet ſtory, by the haſt,
Of a cruell ſtop ill plac't.
In the darke volume of our fate,
Whence each leaſe of Life hath date,
Where in ſad particulars,
The totall ſumme of Man appeares,
And the ſhort clauſe of mortall Breath,
Bound in the period of Death,
In all the Booke if any where
Such a tearme as this, *ſpare here*,
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
Writ in white Letters o're his head:
Or cloſe unto his name annext,
The faire gloſſe of a fairer Text.
In briefe, if any one were free,
Hee was that one, and onely he.
But he, alas! even hee is dead,
And our hopes faire harveſt ſpread
In the duſt. Pitty now ſpend
All the teares that griefe can lend.
Sad mortality may hide
In his aſhes all her pride;
With this inſcription o're his head
All hope of never dying, here lyes dead.

His Epitaph.

PAſſenger who e're thou art,
Stay a while, and let thy Heart
Take acquaintance of this ſtone,
Before thou paſſeſt further on.
This ſtone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death;

The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his Yeares so much behind,
That numbring of his vertues praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his Dayes;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old.
In him perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth.
Him his wisdomes pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in Youth,
That in the Center of his brest
(Sweet as is the Phœnix nest)
Every reconciled Grace
Had their Generall meeting place.
In him Goodnesse joy'd to see
Learning learne Humility.
The splendor of his Birth and Blood
Was but the glosse of his owne Good.
The flourish of his sober Youth
Was the Pride of Naked Truth.
In composure of his face,
Liv'd a faire, but manly Grace.
His mouth was Rhetoricks best mold,
His Tongue the Touchstone of her Gold.
What word so e're his Breath kept warme,
Was no word now but a charme:
For all persuasive Graces thence
Suck't their sweetest Influence.
His vertue that within had root,
Could not chuse but shine without.
And th'heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his wayes,
Circled round in his owne Rayes:
That to his sweetnesse, all mens eyes
Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice.
Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherisht in his Golden Prime;

E're *Hebe*'s hand had overlaid
His ſmooth cheekes with a downy ſhade;
The ruſh of Death's unruly wave,
Swept him off into his Grave.
Enough, now (if thou canſt) paſſe on,
For now (alas) not in this ſtone
(Paſſenger who e're thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart.

An Epitaph upon a young married couple, dead and buried togither.

TO theſe, Whom Death again did wed,
This Grave's their ſecond Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt Soule and body a Divorce,
It could not ſunder Man and Wife,
'Cauſe they both lived but one Life.
Peace, good Reader, doe not weep;
Peace, the Lovers are aſleep:
They (ſweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the laſt knot Love could tye.
And though they lye as they were dead,
Their Pillow Stone, their ſheets of Lead;
(Pillow hard, and ſheets not warme)
Love made the bed, they'l take no harme.
Let them ſleep, let them ſleep on,
Till this ſtormy night be gone,
And th'eternall morrow dawne,
Then the Curtaines will be drawne,
And they wake into that Light,
Whoſe Day ſhall never dye in Night.

At the Funerall of a young Gentleman.

DEare reliques of a diſlodg'd ſoule, whoſe lacke
Makes many a mourning Paper put on blacke!
O ſtay a while, e're thou draw in thy head,
And wind thy ſelfe up cloſe in thy cold bed:
Stay but a little while, untill I call
A ſummons, worthy of thy Funerall.
Come then *Youth*, *Beauty*, and *Blood*, all ye ſoft powers,
Whoſe ſilken-flatteries ſwell a few fond houres
Into a falſe *Eternitie*; Come Man,
Hyperbolized Nothing! know thy Span;
Take thine own meaſure here: down, down, and bow
Before thy ſelfe in thine *Idæa*; Thou
Huge emptineſſe! Contract thy ſelfe, and ſhrinke
All thy wide circle to a point. O ſinke
Lower and lower yet; till thy lean ſize,
Call Heav'n to looke on thee with narrow eyes;
Leſſer and leſſer yet; till thou begin
To ſhew a face, fit to confeſſe thy Kin,
Thy Neighbourhood to *Nothing*.
Proud lookes, and loftie eye-lidds here put on
Your ſelves in your unfeign'd Reflexion;
Here Gallant Ladies! this unpartiall glaſſe,
(Though you be painted) ſhews you your true face.
Thoſe death-ſeal'd lips are they dare give the lye
To the lowd Boaſts of poore *Mortalitie*.
Thoſe curtain'd windowes, this retired eye,
Out-ſtares the lidds of large-look't Tyrannie.
This poſture is the brave one. This that lyes
Thus low, ſtands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
The world ——————
All daring duſt and aſhes! only you
Of all interpreters reade Nature true.

An Epitaph.
Vpon Doctor Brooke.

A *Brooke* whoſe ſtreame ſo great, ſo good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood:
Whoſe Bankes the Muſes dwelt upon,
More than their owne Helicon;
Here at length, hath gladly found
A quiet paſſage under ground;
Meane while his loved bankes now dry,
The Muſes with their teares ſupply.

Vpon Ford's *two Tragedies.*
Loves Sacrifice,
and
The Broken Heart.

THou cheat'ſt us *Ford*, mak'ſt one ſeeme two by Art.
What is *Loves Sacrifice*, but *The broken Heart.*

On a foule Morning, being then to take a journey.

WHere art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind-fold Day
Staggers out of the Eaſt, loſes her way
Stumbling on night? Rouze thee Illuſtrious Youth,
And let no dull miſts choake the Lights faire growth.
Point here thy beames; ô glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces Golden as thy locks.
Vnfold thy faire front, and there ſhall appeare
Full glory, flaming in her owne free ſpheare.
Gladneſſe ſhall cloath the Earth, we will inſtile
The face of things, an univerſall ſmile.

Say to the Sullen Morne, thou com'ſt to court her;
And wilt command proud *Zephirus* to ſport her
With wanton gales: his balmy breath ſhall licke
The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke;
Which rarified, and in a gentle raine
On thoſe delicious bankes diſtill'd againe,
Shall reſt in a ſweet Harveſt, which diſcloſes
To every bluſhing Bed of new-borne Roſes.
Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And friske in curl'd *Mæanders*; Hee will throw
A fragrant Breath ſuckt from the ſpicy neſt
O'th' pretious *Phœnix*, warme upon her Breaſt.
Hee with a dainty and ſoft hand will trim,
And bruſh her Azure Mantle, which ſhall ſwim
In ſilken Volumes; wherefoe're ſhee'l tread,
Bright clouds like Golden fleeces ſhall be ſpread.
Riſe then (faire blew-ey'd Maid) riſe and diſcover
Thy ſilver brow, and meet thy Golden lover.
See how hee runs, with what a haſty flight,
Into thy boſome, bath'd with liquid Light.
Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
Taint not the pure ſtreames of the ſpringing Day,
With your dull influence; it is for you,
To ſit and ſcoule upon Nights heavy brow;
Not on the freſh cheekes of the virgin Morne,
Where nought but ſmiles, and ruddy joyes are worne.
Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to ſtay;
Let it ſuffice, ſhee'l weare no maske to day.

Vpon the faire Ethiopian ſent to a Gentlewoman.

LO here the faire *Chariclia*! in whom ſtrove
So falſe a Fortune, and ſo true a Love.
Now after all her toyles by Sea and Land,
O may ſhe but arrive at your white hand,

Her hopes are crown'd, onely ſhe feares that than,
Shee ſhall appeare true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I Would be married, but I'de have no Wife,
I would be married to a ſingle Life.

To the Morning.
Satisfaction for ſleepe.

WHat ſuccour can I hope the Muſe will ſend
Whoſe drowſineſſe hath wrong'd the Muſes friend?
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
Vnleſſe the Muſe ſing my Apologie?
O in that morning of my ſhame! when I
Lay folded up in ſleepes captivity,
How at the ſight did'ſt Thou draw back thine Eyes,
Into thy modeſt veyle? how did'ſt thou riſe
Twice dy'd in thine own bluſhes, and did'ſt run
To draw the Curtaines, and awake the Sun?
Who rowzing his illuſtrious treſſes came,
And ſeeing the loath'd object, hid for ſhame
His head in thy faire Boſome, and ſtill hides
Mee from his Patronage; I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
My owne *Apollo*, try if I can make
His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*; and ſee
If *Morpheus* have a Muſe to wait on mee.
Hence 'tis my humble fancie findes no wings,
No nimble rapture ſtarts to Heaven and brings
Enthuſiaſtick flames, ſuch as can give
Marrow to my plumpe *Genius*, make it live
Dreſt in the glorious madneſſe of a Muſe,
Whoſe feet can walke the milky way, and chuſe

Her

Her ſtarry Throne ; whoſe holy heats can warme
The grave, and hold up an exalted arme ;
To lift me from my lazy Vrne, to climbe
Vpon the ſtooping ſhoulders of old Time,
And trace Eternity — But all is dead,
All theſe delicious hopes are buried
In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them : but ô thou
Bright Lady of the Morne, pitty doth lye
So warme in thy ſoft Breſt it cannot dye.
Have mercy then, and when He next ſhall riſe
O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
And ſtroake his radiant Cheekes; one timely kiſſe
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliſſe.
So to the treaſure of thy pearly deaw,
Thrice will I pay three Teares, to ſhow how true
My griefe is ; ſo my wakefull lay ſhall knocke
At th'Orientall Gates ; and duly mocke
The early Larkes ſhrill Orizons, to be
An Anthem at the Dayes Nativitie.
And the ſame roſie-finger'd hand of thine,
That ſhuts Nights dying eyes, ſhall open mine.
But thou, faint God of ſleepe, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow ſhall thine Altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My ſelfe a melting ſacrifice ; I'me borne
Againe a freſh Child of the Buxome Morne,
Heire of the Suns firſt Beames ; why threat'ſt thou ſo ?
Why doſt thou ſhake thy leaden Scepter ? goe,
Beſtow thy Poppy upon wakefull woe,
Sickneſſe, and ſorrow, whoſe pale lidds ne're know
Thy downie finger, dwell upon their Eyes,
Shut in their Teares ; Shut out their miſeries.

O [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ thy Poppy shed [illegible]

Vpon the Powder day.

HOw fit our well-rank'd Feaſts do follow
All miſchiefe comes after *All-Hallow.*

Loves Horoſcope.

LOve, brave Vertues younger Brother,
Erſt hath made my Heart a Mother,
Shee conſults the conſcious Spheares,
To calculate her young ſons yeares.
Shee askes if ſad, or ſaving powers,
Gave Omen to his infant howers,
Shee askes each ſtarre that then ſtood by,
If poore Love ſhall live or dy.

Ah my Heart, is that the way?
Are theſe the Beames that rule thy Day?
Thou know'ſt a Face in whoſe each looke,
Beauty layes ope Loves Fortune-booke;
On whoſe faire revolutions wait
The obſequious motions of Loves fate;
Ah my Heart, her eyes and ſhee,
Have taught thee new Aſtrologie.
How e're Loves native houres were ſet,
What ever ſtarry Synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poore Love ſhall live or dye.

If thoſe ſharpe Rayes putting on
Points of Death bid Love be gon,
(Though the Heavens in counſell ſate,
To crowne an uncontrouled Fate,
Though their beſt Aſpects twin'd upon
The kindeſt Conſtellation,

Caſt amorous glances on his Birth,
And whiſper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his pathes with all the good
That warms the Bed of youth and blood;)
Love ha's no plea againſt her eye,
Beauty frownes, and Love muſt dye.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though heavens inauſpicious eye
Lay blacke on Loves Nativitie;
Though every Diamond in *Joves* crowne
Fixt his forehead to a ſtowne,)
Her Eye a ſtrong appeale can give,
Beauty ſmiles and Love ſhall live.

O if Love ſhall live, ô where,
But in her Eye, or in her Eare,
In her Breſt, or in her Breath,
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?
For in the life ought elſe can give,
Love ſhall dye, although he live.

Or if Love ſhall dye, ô where,
But in her Eye, or in her Eare,
In her Breath, or in her Breaſt,
Shall I Build his funerall Neſt?
While Love ſhall thus entombed lye,
Love ſhall live, although he dye.

Principi recèns natæ omen maternæ indolis.

CReſce, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O creſce, & propera, puella Princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cùm pæ breve fulminum minorum,

Illust. Carolus, & Jacobus indè,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cùm terror sacer, Anglicique magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Latè Bosporon, Ottomanidásque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas;
Te tunc altera, nec timenda paci,
Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Latè dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cùm flos tenerille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quique imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido;
O quàm certa superbiore pennâ
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exul antibus hinc & inde turvis,
Quoquò jusseris, impigrè volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora Principum magistrâ
Fient molle negatium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, ô puella Princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetrâ.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiásque centum,
Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

Cui

Out of the Italian.

A Song.

To thy Lover,
Deere, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhameth
(when thoſe Roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;
That no more Summers beſt dreſſes,
Bee beholden
For their Golden
Locks, to Phœbus *flaming Treſſes.*

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he ſhoots his Arrowes,
where Apollo
Cannot follow:
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrowes.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Thoſe deere lips whoſe doore encloſes
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and ſiſter Roſes.

From theſe treaſures
Of ripe pleaſures
One bright ſmile to cleere the weather,
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does woo thee,
winds cling to thee;
Might a word once flye from out thee,
Storme and Thunder
would sit under,
And keepe silence round about thee.

But if Natures
Common Creatures,
So deare Glories dare not burrow:
Yet thy Beauty
Owes a Duty,
To my loving, lingring, sorrow.

When to end mee
Death shall send mee
All his Terrors to affright mee:
Thine eyes Graces
Gild their faces,
And those Terrors shall delight mee.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet Aires that often slew mee
Shall revive mee,
Or reprive mee,
And to many Deaths renew mee.

Out of the Italian.

LOve now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your Eyes the Light hath reft him,
The heat commanding in my *Heart* doth sit.
O that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled.

So

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lyes,
(Dreſt in those Beames) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutuall Names
Of Love, burne both together.

Out of the Italian.

WOuld any one the true cause find
How Love came nak't, a Boy, and blind?
'Tis this; listning one day too long,
To th' Syrens in my Mistris Song,
The extasie of a delight
So much o're-mastring all his might,
To that one Sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his Clothes, eyes, heart and all.

In faciem Augustiss. Regis à morbillis integram.

Musa redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noster
En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantùm
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.
Túne illas violare genas? túne illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipsa sedes radijs ô bene tuta suis:

Quippe ille deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum;
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quòd facie Rex tutus erat, quòd cætera tactus:
Hunc hominem *Rex est fassus, & inde* deum.

On the Frontispiece of Isaacsons *Chronologie explaned.*

IF with distinctive Eye, and Mind, you looke
Vpon the *Front*, you see more than one Booke.
Creation is *Gods Booke*, wherein he writ
Each Creature, as a Letter filling it.
History is *Creations* Booke; which shewes
To what effects the *Series* of it goes.
Chronologie's the Booke of *History*, and beares
The just account of *Dayes*, *Moneths*, and *Yeares*.
But *Resurrection*, in a Later Presse,
And *New Edition*, is the summe of these.
The Language of these Bookes had all been one,
Had not th' *Aspiring Tower of Babylon*
Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As farre the Speech, as men, o'th' new fill'd world.
Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Times embleme, *Saturne*; who, when store of Gold
Coyn'd the first age, *Devour'd* that *Birth*, he fear'd;
Till *History*, Times eldest Child appear'd;
And *Phœnix*-like, in spight of *Saturnes* rage,
Fore'd from her *Ashes*, Heytes in every age.
From th'*rising Sunne*, obtaining by just Suit,
A *Springs Ingender*, and an *Autumnes Fruit*.
Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pend,
Vnto *Creations Alpha* doth extend.
Againe ascend, and view *Chronology*,
By *Optick Skill* pulling farre *History*
Nearer; whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles* Eye
Strengthens, to bring remotest Objects nigh.

Vnder

Vnder whose *Feet*, you see the *Setting Sunne*,
From the darke *Gnomon*, o're her Volumes runne,
Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,
Till *Resurrection* show it to the eyes
Of *Earth*-worne men; and her shrill Trumpets sound
Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground.
The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,
To show *Chronology* and *History* beare,
No other *Culmen* than the double Art,
Astronomy, *Geography*, impart.

Or Thus.

LEt hoary *Time*'s vast Bowels be the Grave
To what his Bowels birth and being gave;
Let Nature die, (*Phœnix*-like) from death
Revived Nature takes a second breath;
If on *Times* right hand, sit faire *Historie*.
If, from the seed of emptie Ruine, she
Can raise so faire an *Harvest*: Let Her be
Ne're so farre distant, yet *Chronologie*
(Sharp-sighted as the Eagles eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd Dayes Meridian)
Will have a *Perspicill* to find her out,
And, through the *Night* of error and dark doubt,
Discerne the *Dawne* of Truth's eternall ray,
As when the rosie *Morne* budds into Day.
Now that *Time*'s Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babells bold *Artists* strive (below) to build
Ruine a Temple; on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her *Pyramids* more tall
Than were th'*Ægyptian* (by the life these give,
Th'*Egyptian Pyramids* themselves must live:)
On these she lifts the *World*; and on their base
Shewes the two termes and limites of *Time*'s race:
That, the *Creation* is; the *Judgement*, this;
That, the World's *Morning*, this her *Midnight* is.

An Epitaph
Vpon Mr. Ashton *a conformable Citizen.*

THe modeſt front of this ſmall floore,
Beleeve me, Reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver Marble can,
Here lyes a truly honeſt man.
One whoſe Conſcience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of thoſe few that in this Towne,
Honour all Preachers, heare their owne.
Sermons he heard, yet not ſo many
As left no time to practiſe any.
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practice preach'd them o're agen.
His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
Thoſe to the Eye, then to the Eare.
His prayers took their price and ſtrength,
Not from the lowdneſſe, nor the length.
He was a Proteſtant at home,
Not onely in deſpight of *Rome*.
He lov'd his *Father*; yet his zeale.
Tore not off his Mothers veile.
To th' Church he did allow her Dreſſe,
True *Beauty*, to true *Holineſſe*.
Peace, which he lov'd in Life, did lend.
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When age and death call'd for the ſcore,
No ſurfets were to reckon for.
Death tore not (therefore) but ſans ſtriſe
Gently untwin'd his thread of Life.
What remaines then, but that Thou
Write theſe lines, Reader, in thy Brow,

And

And by his faire Examples light,
Burne in thy Imitation bright.
So while these Lines can but bequeath
A Life perhaps unto his Death;
His better Epitaph shall bee,
His Life still kept alive in Thee.

Rex Redux.

ILle redit, redit. *Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt;*
Publicus hoc (audin' ?) plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Fortè roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quósve metus:
Anne pererrati malè fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris penè negare suis:
Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia, tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera Caput.
Nil horum; nec enim malè fida volumina ponti,
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.
Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
(Falsa pericla solet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
(Vera pericla solet temnere verus amor)
Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
Non solùm est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.
Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi:
Et satis (ah!) nostri causa doloris erat.
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licèt esset;
Anglia quòd saltem dicere posset, Abest.
Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi;
Dicere quòd saltem possumus, Ille redit.

Out of Catullus.

COme and let us live my Deare,
Let us love and never feare,
What the ſowreſt Fathers ſay:
Brighteſt *Sol* that dyes to day
Lives againe as blith to morrow;
But if we darke ſons of ſorrow
Set, ô then, how long a Night
Shuts the Eyes of our ſhort light!
Then let amorous kiſſes dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thouſand, and a Hundred ſcore,
An Hundred, and a Thouſand more,
Till another Thouſand ſmother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus at laſt when we have numbred
Many a Thouſand, many a Hundred,
Wee'l confound the reckoning quite,
And loſe our ſelves in wild delight:
While our joyes ſo multiply,
As ſhall mocke the envious eye.

Ad Principem nondum natum.

NAſcere nunc; ô nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergòne tot tardos (ô lente!) morabere menſes?
Rex redit. *Ipſe veni, & dic bone,* Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave *noſtrum? quid noſtri verba triumphi?*
Vagitu melius dixeris iſta tuo.
At maneas tamen: & nobis nova cauſa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova cauſa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova naſcitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipſe redit.

Wiſhes.

To his (ſuppoſed) Miſtreſſe.

WHo ere ſhe be,
That not impoſſible ſhe
That ſhall command my heart and me;

Where ere ſhe lye,
Lock't up from mortall Eye,
In ſhady leaves of Deſtiny;

Till that ripe Birth
Of ſtudied fate ſtand forth,
And teach her faire ſteps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idæa, take a ſhrine
Of Chryſtall fleſh, through which to ſhine;

Meet you her my wiſhes,
Beſpeake her to my bliſſes,
And be ye call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her Beauty,
That owes not all his Duty
To gaudy Tire, or gliſtring ſhoo-ty.

Something more than
Taffata or Tiſſew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the ſpoyle
Of ſhop, or ſilkewormes Toyle,
Or a bought bluſh, or a ſet ſmile.

A face thats beſt
By its owne beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt.

A face made up,
Out of no other ſhop
Than what natures white hand ſets ope.

A cheeke where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader ſweetly ru'th.

A Cheeke where growes
More than a Morning Roſe:
Which to no Boxe his being owes.

Lipps, where all Day
A lovers kiſſe may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Lookes that oppreſſe
Their richeſt Tires, but dreſſe
And cloath their ſimpleſt Nakedneſſe.

Eyes, that diſplaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out-faces
That Sunſhine, by their own ſweet Graces.

Treſſes, that weare
Jewells, but to declare
How much themſelves more pretious are.

Whoſe native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright ſhades play.

Each Ruby there,
Or Pearle that dare appeare,
Be its own bluſh, be its own Teare.

A well tam'd Heart,
For whoſe more noble ſmart,
Love may be long-chuſing a Dart.

Eyes, that beſtow
Full quivers on loves Bow;
Yet pay leſſe Arrowes than they owe.

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chaſtity ſhall take no harme.

Bluſhes, that bin
The burniſh of no ſin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Ioyes, that confeſſe,
Vertue their Miſtreſſe,
And have no other head to dreſſe.

Feares, fond and fl'ght,
As the coy Brides, when Night
Firſt does the longing Lover right.

Teares, quickly fled,
And vaine, as thoſe are ſhed
For a dying Maydenhead.

Dayes, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore ſpent night of ſorrow.

Dayes, that in ſpight
Of Darkeneſſe, by the L'ght
Of a cleere mind are Day-all Night.

Nights, ſweet as they,
Made ſhort by Lovers play,
Not long by th' abſence of the Day.

Life,

Life, that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes ſay *welcome Friend.*

Sydnean ſhowers
Of ſweet diſcourſe, whoſe powers
Can Crown old Winters head with flowers.

Soft ſilken Hours,
Open ſunnes, ſhady Bowers;
'Bove all, Nothing within that lowers.

What ere Delight
Can make Dayes forehead bright,
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and ornament the ſhame.

Her Flattery,
Picture and Poeſy,
Her counſell her owne vertue be.

I wiſh, her ſtore
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wiſhes; And I wiſh——No more.

Now if Time knowes
That her whoſe radiant Browes
Weave them a Garland of my vowes,

Her whoſe juſt Bayes,
My future hopes can raiſe,
A trophie to her preſent praiſe;

Her that dares be,
What theſe Lines wiſh to ſee:
I ſeeke no further, it is ſhe.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe, and here
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wiſhes cloudy Character.

May ſhe enjoy it,
Whoſe merit dare apply it,
But modeſty dares ſtill deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fixe my flying wiſhes,
And determine them to kiſſes.

Let her full Glory,
My fancyes, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; But her ſtory.

Ad Reginam,
Et ſibi & Academiæ paturientem.

Huc ô ſacris circumflua cœtibus,
Huc ô frequentem, Muſa, choris pedem
Fer, annuo doctum labore
Purpureas agitare cunas.
Fœcunditatem provocat, en, tuam
Maria partu nobilis altero,
Prolémque Muſarum miniſtram
Egregius ſibi poſcit Infans.
Nempe Illa nunquam pigritæ ſimplici
Sibi ve ſoli facta puerpera eſt:
Partu revercuſſo, vel abſens,
Perpetuos procreat gemellos.
Hos Ipſa partus ſcilicet efficit,
Inq; ipſa vires carmina ſuggerit,
Quæ ſpiritum vitámque donat
Principibus ſimul & Camœnis.

Poſſit

Poſſit Camœnas, non ſine Numine,
Laſſare noſtras Diva puerpera,
Et gaudiis ſiccare totam
Perpetuis Heliconis undam.
Quin experiri pergat, & in vices
Certare ſanctis conditionibus.
Lis dulcis eſt, nec indecoro
Pulvere, ſic potuiſſe vinci.

Alternis Natura Diem meditatur & umbras,
Hinc atro, hinc albo pignore facta parens.
Tu melior Natura tuas, dulciſſima, ſervas
(Sed quam diſſimili ſub ratione!) vices.
Candida Tu, & partu ſemper Tibi concolor omni:
Hinc Natam, hinc Natum das; ſed utrinque Diem.

To the Queen

An Apologie for the length of the following Panegyrick.

WHen you are Miſtreſſe of the ſong,
Mighty Queen, to thinke it long,
Were treaſon 'gainſt that Majeſty
Your vertue wears. Your modeſty
Yet thinks it ſo. But ev'n that too
(Infinite, ſince part of You)
New matter for our Muſe ſupplies,
And ſo allowes what it denies.
Say then Dread Queen, how may we doe
To mediate 'twixt your ſelf and You?
That ſo our ſweetly temper'd ſong
Nor be to ſhort, nor ſeeme to long.
Needs muſt your Noble prayſes ſtrength
That made it long excuſe the length.

To the Queen,
Upon her numerous Progenie,
A Panegyrick.

BRitain! the mighty Oceans lovely bride!
Now ſtretch thy ſelf, fair Iſle, and grow; ſpread wide
Thy boſome, and make roome. Thou art oppreſt
With thine own glories, and art ſtrangely bleſt
Beyond thy ſelf: For (lo) the Gods, the Gods
Come faſt upon thee; and thoſe glorious ods
Swell thy full honours to a pitch ſo high
As ſits above thy beſt capacitie.
Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
Thoſe mighty Genii throng, which well might be
Each one an ages labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of thoſe rayes
Whoſe each divided beam would be a Sunne
To glad the ſphere of any nation?
Sure, if for theſe thou mean'ſt to find a ſeat
Th' haſt need, O Britain, to be truly *Great.*
And ſo thou art; their preſence makes thee ſo:
They are thy greatneſſe. Gods, where-e're they go,
Bring their Heav'n with them: their great footſteps
An everlaſting ſmile upon the face (place
Of the glad earth they tread on. While with thee
Thoſe beames that ampliate mortalitie,
And teach it to expatiate, and ſwell
To majeſtie and fulneſſe, deign to dwell,
Thou by thy ſelf maiſt ſit, bleſt Iſle, and ſee
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee.
Thee therefore from the reſt apart ſhe hurl'd,
And ſeem'd to make an Iſle, but made a World.
(Ioy,
Time yet hath dropt few plumes ſince Hope turn'd
And took into his armes the princely Boy,

Whoſe birth laſt bleſt the bed of his ſweet Mother,
And bad us firſt ſalute our Prince a brother.

The Prince and Duke of York.

Bright *Charles*! thou ſweet dawn of a glorious day!
Centre of thoſe thy Grandſires (ſhall I ſay,
Henry and *James*? or, *Mars* and *Phœbus* rather?
If this were Wiſdomes God, that Wars ſtern father,
'Tis but the ſame is ſaid: *Henry* and *James*
Are *Mars* and *Phœbus* under diverſe names.)
O thou full mixture of thoſe mighty ſouls
Whoſe vaſt intelligences tun'd the Poles
Of peace and war; thou, for whoſe manly brow
Both lawrels twine into owne wreath, and woo
To be thy garland: ſee, ſweet Prince, O ſee,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that ſmile in thee,
Art ta'n out and tranſcrib'd by thy great Mother:
See, ſee thy reall ſhadow; ſee thy Brother,
Thy little ſelf in leſſe: trace in theſe eyne
The beams that dance in thoſe full ſtars of thine.
From the ſame ſnowy Alabaſter rock
Thoſe hands and thine were hew'n; thoſe cherries mock
The corall of thy lips: Thou wert of all
This well-wrought *copie* the fair *principall*.

Lady Mary.

Iuſtly, great Nature, didſt thou brag, and tell
How ev'n th' hadſt drawn that faithfull parallel,
And matcht thy maſter-piece. O then go on,
Make ſuch another ſweet compariſon.
Seeſt thou that *Marie* there? O teach her Mother
To ſhew her to her ſelf in ſuch another.
Fell w this wonder too; nor let her ſhine
Alone; light ſuch another ſtar, and twine
Their roſie beams, that ſo the morn for one
Venus may have a Conſtellation.

Lady Elizabeth.

Theſe words ſcarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo) our vows
Sat crown'd upon the noble Infants brows.

Th'art pair'd, ſweet Princeſſe: In this well-writ book
Read o're thy ſelf; peruſe each line, each look.
And when th'haſt ſumm'd up all thoſe blooming bliſſes,
Cloſe up the book, and claſp it with thy kiſſes.
So have I ſeen (to dreſſe their miſtreſſe May)
Two ſilken ſiſter-flowers conſult, and lay
Their baſhfull cheeks together: newly they
Peep't from their buds, ſhow'd like the garden's Eyes
Scarce wak't: like was the crimſon of their joyes;
Like were the tears they wept, ſo like, that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion.

The new-borne Prince.

And now 'twere time ro ſay, Sweet Queen, no more.
Fair ſource of Princes, is thy pretious ſtore
Not yet exhauſt? O no. Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endleſſe Round
Embrace themſelves. Our meaſure is not theirs;
Nor may the pov'rtie of mans narrow prayers
Span their immenſitie. More Princes come:
Rebellion, ſtand thou by; Miſchief, make room:
War, Bloud, and Death (Names all averſe from Ioy)
Heare this, We have another bright-ey'd Boy:
That word's a warrant, by whoſe vertue I
Have full authority to bid you Dy.
Dy, dy, foul misbegotten Monſters; Dy:
Make haſte away, or e'r the world's bright Eye
Bluſh to a cloud of bloud. O farre from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmure there
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our ſoft aire
Shrink at the hatefull ſound: Mean while we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noiſe
And name of theſe our juſt and righteous joyes,
Where Envie ſhall not reach them, nor thoſe eares
Whoſe tune keeps time to ought below the ſpheres.
But thou, ſweet ſupernumerary Starre,
Shine forth; nor fear the threats of boyſt'rous Warre.

The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpoſe, that to thee and thy pure ſmile
The world might ow an univerſall calm;
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a ſea of balm
Shalt flote; where while thou layſt thy lovely head,
The angry billows ſhall but make thy bed:
Storms, when they look on thee, ſhall ſtraight relent;
And Tempeſts, when they taſt thy breath, repent
To whiſpers ſoft as thine own ſlumbers be,
Or ſouls of Virgins which ſhall ſigh for thee.
Shine then, ſweet ſupernumerary Starre;
Nor feare the boyſterous names of Bloud and Warre:
Thy Birthday is their Death's Nativitie;
They've here no other buſineſſe but to die.

To the Queen.

But ſtay; what glimpſe was that? why bluſht the day?
Why ran the ſtarted aire trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rayes that ſcorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what ſecond morn
At midday opes a preſence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at? Is't ſome Deity
Stept from her throne of ſtarres, deignes to be ſeen?
Is it ſome Deity? or i'ſt our Queen?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe: Her awfull beauties chaſe
The Day's abaſhed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own Sunſhine. O thou bright
Miſtreſſe of wonders! Cynthia's is the night;
But thou at noon doſt ſhine, and art all day
(Nor does thy Sun deny't) our Cynthia.
Illuſtrious ſweetneſſe! in thy faithfull wombe,
That neſt of Heroes, all our hopes find room.
Thou art the Mother-Phenix, and thy breſt
Chaſt as that Virgin honour of the Eaſt,
But much more fruitfull is; nor does, as ſhe,
Deny to mighty Love a Deitie.
Then let the Eaſtern world brag and be proud
Of one coy Phenix, while we have a brood,

A brood of Phenixes; while we have Brother
And Siſter-Phenixes, and ſtill the Mother.
And may we long! Long mayſt Thou live t'increaſe
The houſe and family of Phenixes.
Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
E're prove the diſmall morning of thy night:
Ne're may a birth of thine be bought ſo dear
To make his coſtly cradle of thy beer.
O mayſt thou thus make all the year thine own,
And ſee ſuch names of joy ſit white upon
The brow of every month! And when th'haſt done,
Mayſt in a ſon of His find every ſon
Repeated, and that ſon ſtill in another,
And ſo in each child often prove a Mother.
Long mayſt Thou, laden with ſuch cluſters, lean
Vpon thy Royall Elm, fair Vine! And when
The Heav'ns will ſtay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell ſweet in ſome Eternall ſtory!

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd ſtring,
That in thy eares thus keeps a murmuring.
O ſpeake a lowly Muſes pardon, ſpeake
Her pardon, or her ſentence; onely breake
Thy ſilence. Speake, and ſhe ſhall take from thence
Numbers, and ſweetneſſe, and an influence
Confeſſing Thee. Or if too long I ſtay,
O ſpeake Thou, and my Pipe hath nought to ſay:
For ſee *Apollo* all this while ſtands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his Lute.

But Gods are gracious; and their Altars make
Pretious the offrings that their Altars take.
Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rurall wreath dares be thy Sacrifice.

Bulla.

Quid tibi vana ſuos offert mea bulla tumores?
Quid facit ad veſtrum pondus inane meum?
Expectat noſtros humeros toga fortior; iſta
En mea bulla, lares en tua dextra mihi.

Quid tu? quæ nova machina,
Quæ tam fortuito globo
In vitam properas brevem?
Qualis virgineos adhuc
Cypris concutiens ſinus,
Cypris jam nova, jam recens,
Et ſpumis media in ſuis,
Promſit purpureum latus;
Conchâ de patriâ micas,
Pulchroq; exſilis in petu;
Statim & millibus ebria
Ducens terga coloribus
Evolvis tumidos ſinus
Sphærâ plena volubili.
Cujus per varium latus,
Cujus per teretem globum
Iris lubrica curſitans
Centum per ſpecies vagas,
Et picti facies cheri
Circum regnat, & undiq;
Et ſe Diva volatilis
Jucundo levis impetu
Et vertigine perſidâ
Laſcivâ ſequitur fugâ
Et pulchrè dubitat; fluit
Tam fallax toties novis,
Tot ſe per reduces vias,

Errore ſque reciprocos
Spargit vena Coloribus;
Et pompâ natat ebriâ.
Tali militiâ micans
Agmen ſe rude dividit;
Campis quippe volantibus,
Et campi levis æquore
Ordo inſanus obambulans
Paſſim ſe fugit, & fugat;
Paſſim perdit, & invenit.
Pulchrum ſpargitur hîc Chaos.
Hîc viva, hîc vaga flumina
Ripâ non propriâ meant,
Sed miſcent ſocias vias,
Communiq; ſub alveo
Stipant delicias ſuas.
Quarum proximitas vaga
Tam diſcrimine lubrico,
Tam ſubtilibus arguit
Junctturam tenuem notis,
Pompa ut florida nullibi
Sinceras habeat vias;
Nec vultu niteat ſuo.
Sed dulcis cumulus novos
Miſcens purpureus ſi us
Flagrant divitiis ſuis,
Privatum renuens jubar.
Floris diluvio vagi,
Floris Sydere publico
Latè ver ſubit aureum,
Atque effunditur in ſua
Vires undique Copiæ.
Nempe omnis quia cernitur,
Nullus cernitur hîc color,
Et vicinia centumax
Allidit ſpecies vagas.
Illîc contiguis aquis
Marcent pallidulæ faces.

Vndæ hîc vena tenellulæ,
Flammis ebria proximis
Diſcit purpureas vias,
Et rubro ſalit alveo.
Oſtri Sanguineam jubar
Lambunt lacteæ flumina;
Suaſu cæruléi maris
Manſueſcit feges aurea;
Et lucis faciles genæ
Vanas ad nebulas ſtupent;
Subq́; uvis rubicundulis
Flagrant ſobria lilia.
Vicinis adeo roſis
Vicinæ invigilant nives,
Vt ſint & niveæ roſæ,
Vt ſint & roſæ nives;
Accenduntq́; roſæ nives,
Extinguuntq́; nives roſas.
Illîc cum viridi rubet,
Hîc & cum rutilo viret
Laſcivi facies chori.
Et quicquid rota lubrica
Caudæ ſtelligeræ notat,
Pulchrum pergit & in ambitum.
Hîc cœli implicitus labor,
Orbes orbibus obvii;
Hîc grex velleris aurei
Grex pellucidus æthereis;
Qui noctis nigra paſcua
Puris morſibus atterit;
Hîc quicquid nitidum et vagum
Cœli vibrat arenula
Dulci pingitur in joco.
Hîc mundus tener impedit
Seſe amplexibus in ſuis.
Succinctiq́; ſinu globi
Errat per proprium decus.
Hîc nictant ſubitæ faces,

Et ludunt tremulum diem.
Mox ſe ſurripium ſui &
Quærunt tecta ſupercilî;
Atq́ abdunt petulans jubar,
Subſiduntq́ proterviter.
Atq́ hæc omnia quam brevis,
Sunt mendaciæ machinæ!
Currunt ſcilicèt omnia
Sphærâ, non vitreâ quidem,
(ut quondam ſiculus globus)
Sed vitro nitidâ magis,
Sed vitro fragili magis,
Et vitro vitreâ magis.

Sum venti ingenium breve
Flos ſum, ſcilicet, aëris,
Sidus ſcilicet æquoris;
Naturæ jocus aureus,
Naturæ vaga fabula,
Naturæ breve ſomnium.
Nugarum decus & dolor;
Dulcis, doctaq́ vanitas.
Auræ filia perfidæ;
Et riſus facilis parens.
Tantùm gutta ſuperbior,
Fortunatius & lutum.
Sum fluxæ pretium ſpei;
una ex Heſperidum inſulis.
Formæ pyxis, amantium
Clarè cæcus ocellulus;
Vanæ & cor leve gloriæ.
Sum cæcæ ſpeculum Deæ.
Sum fortunæ ego teſſera,
Quam dat militibus ſuis;
Sum fortunæ ego ſymbolum,
Quo ſancit fragilem fidem
Cum mortalibus Ebriis
Obſignatq́ tabellulas.

Sum blandum, petulans, vagum,
Pulchrum, purpureum, et decens,
Comptum, floridulum, et recens,
Distinctum nivibus, rosis,
Vndis, ignibus, aëre,
Pictum, gemmeum, & aureum,
Quum, (scilicet, & nihil.)

Surget, et longam traxisse in tædia pompam
Vivax, & nimium Bulla videtur anus;
Tolle tuos oculos, perfusum leve defluet, illam
Parca metet facili non operosa manu.
Vixit adhuc. Cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas;
Tempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori.

Vpon two greene Apricockes sent to Cowley *by Sir* Crashaw.

TAke these, times tardy truants, sent by me,
To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee.
Pale sons of our *Pomona*! whose wan cheekes
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow.
By thy comparrison they shall put on
More summer in their shames reflection,
Than ere the fruitfull *Phœbus* flaming kisses
Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes
And the deare merits of your Muse, their due,
The yeare had found some fruit early as you;
Ripe as those rich composures time computes
Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits.
How does thy April-Autumne mocke these cold
Progressions 'twixt whose termes poor time grows old?
With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine
Gives him the morning worlds fresh gold againe.

'Twas

'Twas only Paradice, 'tis onely thou,
Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough.
Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth,
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.
Could she in all her births but coppie thee,
Into the publick yeares proficiencie,
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee
(Young master of the worlds maturitie)
But such whose sun-borne beauties what they borrow
Of beames to day, pay back againe to morrow,
Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these,
Poore fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides!
Faine would I chide their slowness, but in their
Defects I draw mine owne dull character.
Take them, and me in them acknowledging,
How much my summer waites upon thy spring.

Thesaurus malorum fœmina

QVis deus, O quis erat qui te, mala fœmina, finxit?
Proh! Crimen supernum, noxa pudenda deûm!
Quæ divûm manus est adeo non dextera mundo?
In nostras clades ingeniosa manus!
Parcite; peccavi: nec enim pia numina possunt
Tam crudele semel vel voluisse nefas.
Vestrum opus est pietas; opus est concordia vestrum:
Vos equidem tales haud reor artifices.
Heus infera cohors! fœtus cognoscite vestros.
Num pudet hanc vestrum vincere posse scelus?
Plaudite Tartarei Proceres, Erebíq; potentes
(Nec mirum est tantum vos potuisse malum)
Jam vestras Laudate manus. Si forte tacetis,
Artificum laudes grande loquetur opus.
Quàm bene vos omnes speculo contemplor in isto?
Pectius in angustum cogitur omne malum.

Quis

Quin dormi Pluto. Rabidas compesce furores,
Fam non poscit opem nostra ruina tuam.
Hæc satis in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
Mortales Furias Tartara nostra dabunt.

In Apollinem depereuntem Daphnen.

STulte cupido,
Quid tua flamma parat?
Amon sole sub ipso
Accensæ pereunt faces?
Sed fax nostra potentior istis,
Flammas inflammare potest, ipse uritur ignis,
Ecce flammarum potens
Majore sub flammâ gemit.
Eheu! quid hoc est? En Apollo
Lyrâ tacente (ni sonet dolores)
Comâ jacente (qualiet æternus decor
Oris, en! dominæ quò placeat magis,
Languido tardum jubar igne promit.
Pallente vultu territat æthera.
Mundi oculus lacrymis (ne scit,
Et solvit pelago debita, quodq; hauser at ignibus,
His lacrymis rependit
Noctis adventu propere[illegible] se latebris recondit,
Et opacas tenebrarum c[illegible] umbras,
Navq; suos odit damnans radios, nocensq; lumen.
An lateat tenebris dubitat, an educat diem,
Hinc suadet hoc luctus furens, inde repugnat amor.

Ænæas Patris ſui bajulus.

Mænia Troiæ —— Hoſtis & ignis
Hoſtes inter & ignes —— Ænæas ſpolium pium
Atq; humeris venerabile pondus
Excipit, & ſæva nunc ô nunc parcite flammæ,
Parcite haud (clamat) mihi,
Sacræ favete ſarcinæ,
Quod ſi negatis, nec licebit
Vitam juvare, ſed juvabo funus;
Roguſq; fiam patris ac buſtum mei.
His dictis acies pervolat hoſtium,
Geſtit, & partis veluti trophæis
Ducit triumphos. Nam furor hoſtium
Jam ſtupet & pietate tantâ
Victor vincitur; imò & moritur
Troja libenter Funeribuſq; gaudet,
Ac faces admittit ovans, ne lateat tenebras
Per opacas opus ingens pietatis.
Debita ſic patri ſolvis tua, ſic pari rependis
Officio. Dederat vitam tibi, tu reddis huic,
Felix! parentis qui pater dicerus eſſe tui.

In Pigmalionæ.

Pœnitet Artis
Pigmaliona ſuæ.
Quod felix opus eſſet
Infelix erat artifex.
Sentit vulnera, nec videt ictum.
Quis credit? gelido veniunt de marmore flammæ.
Marmor ingratum nimis
Incendit autorem ſuum.

Cœcepit hic vanos furores;
Opus suum miratur atq; adorat.
Prius creavit, ecce nunc colit manus,
Tentantes digitos molliter applicat;
Recipit molles cœro dura tactus.
An virgo vera est, an sit eburnea;
Reddat an oscula quæ dabantur
Nescit. Sed dubitat, Sed metuit, munere supplicat,
Blanditiasq; miscet.
Te, miser, pœnas dare vult, hos Venus, hos triumphos
Capit à te, quòd amorem fugis omnem.
Cur fugis heu vivos? mortua te necat puella.
Non erit innocua hæc, quamvis tuâ fingas manu,
Ipsa heu nocens erit nimis, cujus imago nocet.

Arion.

Quammea vivæ
Lubrica terga ratis
Jam conscendit Arion.
Merces tam nova solvitur
Navis quàm nova scanditur. Illa
Aërea est merces, hæc est & aquatica navis.
Perdidére illum viri
Mercede magnâ, servat hic
Mercede nullâ piscis: & sic
Salute plus ruina constat illi;
Minoris & servatur hinc quàm periditur.
Hic dum findit aquas, findit hic aëra:
Cursibus, piscis; digitis, Arion:
Ut sternit undas, sternit & aëra:
Carminis hoc placido Tridente
Abjurat suajam murmura, ventusq; modestior
Auribus ora mutat:
Ora dediscit, minimos & metuit susurros.

(Sonus

(Sonus alter restat, ut sit sonus illis.)
Aura sæpens circum muta sit lateri adjacente pennâ,
Ambit & ora viri, nec vela ventis hic gent;
Attendit hanc ventus ratem: non trahit, at trahitur.

Phœnicis { Genethliacon & Epicedion.

PHœnix alumna mortis,
Quàm mira tu puerpera!
Tu scandis haud nidos, sedignes.
Non parere sed perire ceu parata:
Mors obstetrix; atq; ipsa tu teipsam paris,
Tu Tuiq; mater ipsa es,
Tu tuiq; filia.
Tu sic odora messis
Surgis tuorum funerum;
Tibiq; per tuam ruinam
Reparata, te succedis ipsa. Mors ô
Fœcunda! Sancta ô Lucra pretiosæ necis!
Vive (monstrum dulce) vive
Tu tibiq; suffice.

Elegia.

ITe meæ lacrymæ (nec enim moror) ite. Sed ore
Tantùm ne miseræ claudite vocis iter.
O liceat querulos verbis animare dolores,
Et saltem ah periit dicere noster amor.
Ecce negant tamen, ecce negant, lacrymæq; rebelles
Indomitâ pergunt, præcipitantq; viâ.
Visne (ô care) igitur Te nostra silentia dicant?
Vis fleat assiduo murmure mutus amor?
Flebit, & urna suos semper bibet humida rores,
Et fidas semper, semper babebit aquas.

Interea, quicunq; eſtis ne credite mirum
Si muta lacrymæ non didicêre loqui.

Epitaphium.

Quiſquis nectareo ſerenus ævo,
Et ſpe lucidus aureæ juventæ
Neſcis purpureos abire ſoles,
Neſcis vincula, ferreamq; noctem
Imi carceris, horridumq; Ditem,
Et ſpectas tremulam procul ſenectam,
Hinc diſces lacrymas, & hinc repones.
Hic, ô ſcilicet hic brevi ſub antro
Spes & gaudia mille, mille longam
(Heu longam nimis) induére noctem.
Flammantem nitidæ facem juventæ,
Submerſit Stygiæ paludis unda.
Ergo ſi lacrymas neges doloris
Huc certè lacrymas feres timoris.

Damno affici ſæpe fit lucrum.

Damna adſunt multis taciti compendia lucri
Felicíq; decent plus properare morâ,
Luxuriem annorum poſitâ ſic pelle redemit
Atq; ſagax ſerpens in nova ſæcla ſubit.
Cernis ut ipſa ſibi replicato ſuppetat ævo,
Seq; iteret, multâ morte perennis avis.
Succreſcat generoſa ſibi, facileſq; per ignes
Peréq; ſuos cineres, per ſua fata ferax.
Quæ ſollers jactura ſui? quis funeris uſus?
Flammarumq; fides, ingeniumq; rogi?

Siccine

Siccine fraude ſubis? pretioſaq́ funera ludis?
Siccine in mortem, ne moriaris, adis?
Felix cui medicæ tanta experientia mortis,
Cui tam Parcarum eſt officioſa manus.

Humanæ vitæ deſcriptio.

O Vita, tantum lubricus quidam furor
Spoliumq́ vitæ! ſcilicet longi brevis
Erroris hoſpes! Error ô mortalium!
O certus error! qui ſub incerto vagum
Suſpendit ævum, mille per dolos viæ
Fugaeis, & proterva per volumina
Fluidi laboris, ebrios lactat gradus;
Et irretitos ducit in nihilum dies.
O fata! quantum perfidæ vitæ fugit
umbris quod imputemus atq́ auris, ibi
Et umbra & aura ſeriae partes agunt
Miſcentq́ ſcenam, volvimur ludibrio
Procacis æſtus, ut per incertum mare
Fragilis protervo cymba cum nutat freto.
Et ipſa vitæ, fila, quæ is nentes Deæ
Ævi ſevera texta producunt manu,
Hæc ipſa nobis implicant veſtigia
Retrahunt trahuntq́ donec everſo gradu
Ruina laſſos alta deducat pedes.
Felix, fugaces quiſquis excipiens dies
Greſſus ſerenos fixit, inſidiis ſui
Nec ſervit ævi, vita inoffenſis hinc
Feretur auris, atq́ claudâ rariùs
Titubabit horâ: vortices anni vagi
Hic extricabit, ſanus Aſſertor ſui.

Tran-

Tranquillitas animi, ſimilitudine ductâ ab ave captivâ & canorâ tamen.

VT cùm delicias leves, loquacem
Convivam nemoris, vagámq; muſam
Obſervans dubiâ viator arte
Prendit deſuper: horridúſve ruris
Everſor, malè perfido paratu
(Heu durus!) rapit, atq; io triumphans
Vadit; protinus & ſagace niſu
Evolvens digitos, opus tenellum
Ducens pollice lenis e udito,
Virgarum implicat ordinem ſeverum,
Anguſtam meditans domum volucri.
Illa autem, hoſpitium licet vetuſtum
Mentem ſollicitet nimis nimiſq;
Et ſuetum nemus, hinc opaca mitis
Umbræ frigora, & hinc aprica puri
Solis fulgura, Patriæq; ſylvæ
Nunquam muta quies; ubi illa dudum
Totum per nemus, arborem per omnem,
Hoſpes libera liberis querelis
Cognatum benè provocabat agmen:
Quanquam ipſum nemus, arboreſq; alumnam
Implorant profugam, atq; amata multùm
Quærant murmura, lubricumq; carmen
Blandi gutturis & melos ſerenum:
Illa autem, tamen, illa jam relictæ
(Simplex!) haud meminit domus, nec ultrà
Sylvas cogitat; at brevi ſub antro,
Ab pennâ nimium brevis reciſâ,
Ab ritu viduo, ſibiq; ſola,
Privata heu fidicen! canit, vagoq;
Exercens querulam domum ſuſurro
Fallit vincula, carceremq; mulcet;

Nec

Nec pugnans placidæ procax quieti
Luctatur gravis, orbe ſed reducto
Diſcurſu vaga ſaltitans tenello,
Metitur ſpatia invidæ cavernæ.
Sic in ſe pia mens repoſita, ſecum
Altè tuta ſedet, nec ardet extrà,
Aut ullo ſolet æſtuare fato:
Quamvis cuncta tumultuentur, atræ
Sortis turbine non movetur illa:
Fortunæ furias cruſq́, triſte
Non tergo minus accipit quieto,
Quàm vectrix Veneris columba blando
Admittit juga delicata collo.
Torvæ ſi quid inhorruit procellæ,
Si quid ſæviat, & minetur, illa
Spernit, neſcit, & obviis furorem
Fallit blanditiis, amatq́, & ambit
Ipſum, quo malè vulneratur, ictum.
Curas murmure non fatetur ullo;
Non lambit lacrymas dolor, nec atræ
Mentis nubila frons iniqua prodit.
Quod ſi lacryma pervicax rebelli
Erumpit tamen evolatq́, guttâ,
Invitis lacrymis, negante luctu,
Ludunt perſpicui per ora riſus.

Alexias. *The Complaint of the forſaken wife of* Alexis.

The firſt Elegie.

I, Late the Roman youths loud Praiſe and Pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thouſands (try'd,
Lo here am left (alas) for my loſt Mate
T'embrace my *Teares*, and kiſſe an unkind *Fate*.
Sure in my early woes ſtarres were at ſtrife,
And tride to make a Widow e're a Wife:

Nor can I tell (and this new Teares doth breed)
What ſtrange Path my Lord's faire foot-ſteps bleed.
If I knew I where he wander'd, I would ſee
Some ſolace in my ſorrow's certainty.
I'd ſend my woes inwords ſhould weepe for me,
(Who knowes how powerfull wel-writ Praiers would be?)
Sending's too ſlow a word. My ſelf would fly.
Who knows my owne Heart's woes ſo well as I?
But how ſhall I ſteale hence? *Alexis* thou,
Ah thou thy ſelfe alas haſt taught me how.
Love too, that leads the way, would lend the wings
To beare me harmleſſe through the hardeſt things,
And where *Love* lends the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare ſay me nay?
If I be ſhipwrackt, *Love* ſhall teach to ſwim;
If drown'd Sweet is the death indur'd for Him.
The noted Sea ſhall change its Name with me;
I 'mongſt the bleſt ſtarres a new *Name* ſhall be.
And ſure when Lovers make their watry graves
The weeping Mariner will augment the waves.
For who ſo hard but paſſing by that way,
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and ſay
Here t'was the Roman Maid found a hard Fate,
While through the world ſhe ſought her wandring mate.
Here periſht ſhe, poore heart, Heavens, be my Vowes
As true to me, as ſhe was to her Spouſe.
O live, ſo rare a *Love*! Live! And in Thee
The too fraile life of *Female conſtancie*.
Farewell, and ſhine, faire ſoule! Shine there above
Firme in thy crowne, as here faſt in thy love;
There thy loſt *Fugitive* th' haſt found at laſt;
Be happy, and for ever hold him faſt.

The ſecond Elegie.

THough all the joyes I had fled hence with thee,
Vnkind! yet are my Teares ſtill true to me.
I'm wedded o're again ſince thou art gone,
Nor could'ſt thou cruell leave me quite alone.
Alexis Widow now is *Sorrowes* Wife,
With *Him* ſhall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome my *Sad-ſweet-mate*! Now have I got
At laſt a *Conſtant Love* that leaves me not;
Firme *he*, as *thou* art falſe. Nor need my Crie
Thus vexe the Earth, and teare the beauteous Skies.
For *him*, alas, ne're ſhall I need to bee
Troubleſome to the world thus as for *thee*;
For *Thee* I talke to *Trees*, with ſilent *Groves*
Expoſtulate my woes and much wrong'd *Loves*.
Hills, and relentleſſe Rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardneſſe more allude to thee,
To theſe I talke in *Teares*, and tell my *Paine*,
And anſwer too for them in *Teares* againe.
How oft have I wept out the weary Sun:
My Watrie *Houre-Glaſſe* hath old Times out-run.
O I am learned growne: Poore *Love* and I
Have ſtudied over all Aſtrologie;
I'm perfect in Heav'ns ſtate; With every ſtarre
My skilfull griefe is grown familiar.
Riſe *Faireſt of thoſe Fires*, what e're thou be,
Whoſe Roſie beame ſhall point my Sun to me;
Such as the ſacred light that e'rſt did bring
The *Eaſtern Princes* to their *Infant King*;
O riſe pure Lamp! and lend thy Golden Ray,
That wearie *Love* at laſt may find his way.

The third Elegie.

RIch churliſh land! that hid'ſt ſo long in thee
My treaſures, Rich alas, by robbing mee.
Needs muſt my Mis'ries owe that Man a ſpight,
Who e're he be, was the firſt wandring Knight.
O had he ne're been at that cruell coſt,
Natures virginitie had ne'r been loſt:
Seas had not been rebuk't with ſawcy Oares,
But ly'n lock't up ſafe in their ſacred ſhores;
Men had not ſpurn'd at mountains, nor made warrs
With rocks, nor bold *hands* ſtruck the worlds ſtrong bars
Not loſt in too large Bounds, our little *Rome*,
Full ſweetly with it ſelfe had dwelt at home;
My poore *Alexis* then, in peaceefull life,
Had under ſome low Roof lov'd his plain wife.
But now, Ah mee, from where he has no foes
Hee flyes, and into wilfull exiles goes.
Cruell return; O tell the reaſon why
Thy deareſt parents have deſerv'd to dye.
And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,
Vnleſſe it be a crime, t' have lov'd too well.
If heats of holier love, and high deſire
Make big thy faire breſt with immortall fire,
What needs my *Virgin Lord* fly thus from me
Who onely wiſh his *Virgin wife* to be?
Witneſſe chaſt Heavens! no happier vowes I know
Than to a *Virgen grave* untouch't to go;
Loves trueſt knot by *Venus* is not ty'd,
Nor doe embraces onely make a Bride.
The Bleſſed Virgin (and men chaſt as you)
Was *Maiden-wife*, and *Maiden-mother* too.
Cecilia, Glory of her *Name* and *Bloud*,
With happy Gaine her *Maiden-vowes* made good.
The luſtie Bridegroome made approach: Young man
Take heed (ſaid ſhe) take heed *Valerian*!

My

My bosomes Guard, a Spirit great and strong,
Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.
My chastitie is sacred, and my sleepe
Wakefull, her deare vowes undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears armes, forsooth; And should there be
No *Fortresse* built for true *Virginitie?*
No facing *Gorgon* this, none like the rest
Of your learn'd *lyes*. Here you'l finde no such jest.
I am yours. O were my God, my Christ so too,
I'd know no name of love on earth, but you.
Hee yields. And straight Baptiz'd, obtaines the Grace
To Gaze on the faire Souldiers Glorious *Face*.
Both mix't at last their Blood in one rich Bed
Of *Rosie Martyrdome*, twice *Married*:
O burne our *Hymen* bright in such high *flame*,
Thy Torch *Terrestriall love* hath here no *name*.
How sweet's the mutuall yoake of man and wife,
When holy fires maintain Loves heavenly life!
But I (so help me Heav'n my Hopes to see)
When thousands sought my love, lov'd none but Thee;
Still as their vain *Teares* my firme *Vowes* did trie
Alexis he alone is mine (said I.)
Half true, alas, half false, proves that poore line,
Alexis is alone, but is not *Mine*.

FINIS.

Cha Richards

Tadler In Carmthen

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